

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQUIRE.

AN ATLANTIC STEAMER IN A STORM.—It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time, the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head. Before it is possible to make any arrangement, at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say "Thank Heaven!" she wrongs again. Before one can cry she is wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a somerser. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on, staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking; and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes altogether; until one feels disposed to roar for mercy. A steward passes. "Steward?" "Sir?" "What is the matter?—what do you call this?" "Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind!" Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself; with every pulse and artery of a huge body swollen and burning under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on the deck, and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault; and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

[This head-wind was precursor to a heavy gale:]— A heavy gale of wind came slowly up at sunset, when we were about ten days out, and raged with gradually increasing fury until morning, saving that it lulled for an hour a little before midnight. There was something in the natural repose of that hour, and in the after gathering of the storm, so inconceivably awful and tremendous, that its bursting into full violence was almost a relief. The labouring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. "Will it ever be worse than this?" was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed, without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter night on the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage and passion.

A SCOTCH SCOTCH LADY.—About midnight we shipped a sea, which forced its way through the skylights, burst open the doors above, and came raging and roaring down into the ladies' cabin, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady—who, by the way, had previously sent a message to the captain by the stewardess, requesting him, with her compliments, to have a steel conductor immediately attached to the top of every mast, and to the chimney, in order that the ship might not be struck with lightning.

DOING THE AMABLE.—A Luscious Picture.—They, and the handmaid before mentioned, being in such ecstasies of fear, that I scarcely knew what to do with them, I naturally bethought myself of some restorative or comfortable cordial; and nothing better occurring to me, at the moment, than hot brandy and water, I procured a tumbler-full without delay. It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on, they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa—a fixture extending entirely across the cabin—where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it, with many consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa for at least a quarter of an hour, without reaching them once; and by the time I did catch them, the brandy and water was diminished, by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful. To complete the group, it is necessary to recognise in this disconcerted dodger, a very pale individual, who had shaved his beard and dressed his hair, last, at Liverpool, and whose only article of dress (linen not included), were a pair of dreadnought trousers; a blue jacket, formerly admired upon the Thames at Richmond; no stockings, and one slipper.

THE UNITED STATES BANK.—PHILADELPHIA.—We reached Philadelphia late at night. Looking out of my chamber window, before going to bed, I saw on the opposite side of the way a handsome building of white marble, which had a mournful, ghost-like aspect, dreary to behold. I attributed this to the sombre influence of the night, and on rising in the morning, looked out again, expecting to see its steps and portico thronged with groups of people passing in and out. The door was still tight shut, the same cold cheerless air prevailed, and the building looked as if the marble statue of Don Guzman could alone have any business to transact within its gloomy walls. I hastened to inquire its name and purpose, and then my surprise vanished. It was the tomb of many fortunes, the great catacomb of investment, the memorable United States Bank. The stoppage of this bank, with all its ruinous consequences, has cast (as I was told on every side) a gloom on Philadelphia, under the depressing effect of which it yet laboured. It certainly did seem rather dull and out of spirits. It is a handsome city, but distractingly regular. After walking about it for an hour or two, I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen, and the brim of my hat to expand, beneath its Quakerly influence. My hair slunk into a sleek short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark-lane, over against the market-place, and of making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily.

FACTORY GIRLS.—After stating the astounding fact that in July, 1841, nine hundred and seventy-eight of these factory girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank to the amount jointly of \$100,000, or £30,000 (is it possible?)—Mr. Dickens goes on to say—"I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much. Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical called 'The Lowell Offering,' a repository of origi-

nal articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills, which is duly printed, published and sold; and whereof I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end. The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim with one voice, "How very preposterous!" On my deferentially inquiring why? they will answer, "These things are above their station." In reply to their objection, I would beg to ask what their station is? It is their station to work, and they do work. They labour in these mills, upon an average, 12 hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements, on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the 'station' of working people from acustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings we shall find that the pianos, and the circulating libraries, and even the 'Lowell Offering,' startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong. For myself, I know no station in which the occupation of to-day, cheerfully done, and the occupation of to-morrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these pursuits is not most humanising and laudable. I know no station which is rendered more endurable to the person in it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolize the means of mutual instruction, improvement, and rational entertainment; or which has ever continued to be a station very long after seeking to do so.

BOSTON.—When I got into the streets, upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay; the sign-boards were painted in such gaudy colors; the gilded letters were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvellously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman, where every body is a merchant, resides above his store; so that many occupations are often carried on in one house, and the whole floor is covered with boards and inscriptions.

The suburbs are, if possible, even more unsubstantial looking than the city. The white wooden houses (so white that it makes one wink to look at them), with their green jalousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped about in all directions, without seeming to have any root at all in the ground, and the small churches and chapels are so prim, and bright, and highly varnished, I almost believed the whole affair could be taken up piecemeal, like a child's toy, and crammed into a little box.

The city is a beautiful one, and cannot fail, I should imagine, to impress all strangers very favourably. The private dwelling houses are, for the most part, large and elegant; the shops extremely good; and the public buildings handsome. The State House is built on the summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first, and afterwards by a steep ascent, almost from the water's edge. In front is a green inclosure, called the Common. The site is beautiful; and from the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighbourhood.

THE LADIES OF BOSTON.—The tone of society in Boston is one of perfect politeness, courtesy, and good breeding. The ladies are unquestionably very beautiful—in face; but there I am compelled to stop. Their education is much as with us; neither better nor worse. I had heard some very marvellous stories in this respect; but not believing them, was not disappointed.

AN AMERICAN RAILROAD.—I made acquaintance with an American railroad, on this occasion, for the first time. All these works are pretty much alike all through the States, their general characteristics are easily described. There are no first and second class carriages, as with us; but there is a gentlemen's car and a ladies' car; and in the second, nobody does. As a black man never travels with a white one, there is also a negro car; which is a great blundering clumsy chest, such as Gulliver put to sea in, from the kingdom of Brobdignag. There is a great deal of jolting, a great deal of noise, a great deal of wall, not much window, a locomotive engine, a shriek, and a bell. The cars are like shabby omnibuses, but larger; holding thirty, forty, fifty people. The seats, instead of stretching from end to end, are placed crosswise. Each seat holds two persons. There is a long row of them on each side of the caravan, a narrow passage up the middle, and a door at both ends. In the or anthracite coal, which is for the most part red-hot. It is insufferably close; and you see the hot air fluttering between yourself and any other object you may happen to look at, like the ghost of smoke. In the ladies' car there are a great many gentlemen who have ladies with them. There are also a great many ladies who have nobody with them; for any lady may travel about from one end of the United States to the other, and be certain of the most courteous and considerate treatment every where. The conductor, or checktaker, or guard, or whatever he may be, wears no uniform. He walks up and down the car, and in and out of it, as his fancy dictates; leans against the door with his hands in his pockets, and stares at you, if you chance to be a stranger; or enters into conversation with passengers about him. A great many newspapers are pulled out, and a few of them are read. Every body talks to you, or to any body else who hits his fancy. If you are an Englishman, he expects that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say "No," he says "Yes?" (interrogatively), and asks in what respect they differ. You enumerate the heads of difficulty, one by one, and he says "Yes?" (still interrogatively) to each. Then he guesses that you don't travel faster in England; and on your replying that you do, says, "Yes?" again (still interrogatively), and it is quite evident, don't believe it. After a long pause, he remarks, partly to you, and partly to the knob on the top of his stick, that "Yankees too;" upon which you say "Yes," and then he says "Yes," again (affirmatively this time); and upon your looking out of a window, tells you that behind that hill, and some three miles from the next station, there is a clever town, and a stop. Your answer in the negative naturally leads to more questions in reference to your intended route (always pronounced ront); and wherever you are going, you invariably learn that you can't get there without immense difficulty and danger, and that all the great sights are somewhere else. If a lady takes a fancy to any male passenger's seat, the gentleman who occupies her gives notice of the fact, and are discussed, so are banks, so is cotton. Quiet people avoid the question of the Presidency, for there will be a new election in three years and a half, and party feeling runs very high; the great constitutional feature of this election being, that directly the acrimony of the last election is over the acrimony of the next begins; which is an unspeakable delight to all strong politicians and true lovers of their country; that is to say, to ninety-nine and a quarter. Except when a branch road joins the main one, there is seldom more than one track of rails: so that the road is very narrow, and the view, where there is a cutting, by no means extensive. When there is not, the character of the scenery is always the same. Mile after mile of stunted trees; some heaving down by the axe, some blown down by the wind, some half fallen and resting on their neighbours, many mere logs half hidden in the swamp, others mouldered away to spongy chips. The very soil of the earth is made up of minute fragments such as these; each pool of stagnant water has its crust of vegetable rotteness; on every side there are the stage of decay, decomposition, and neglect. Now you emerge for a few brief minutes on an open country, glittering with some bright lake or pool, broad as many an English river, but so small here that it scarcely has a name; now catch hasty glimpses of a distant town, with its clean white houses and their cool piazzas, its prim New England church and schoolhouse; when whir-r-r! almost before you have seen them, comes the same dark screen; the stunted trees, the stumps, the logs, the stagnant water—all so like

the last, that you seem to have been translated back again by magic. The train calls at stations in the woods, where the wild impossibility of anybody having the smallest reason to get out, is only to be equalled by the apparently desperate hopelessness of there being anybody to get in. It rushes across the turnpike road, where there is no gate, no policeman, no signal: nothing but a rough wooden arch, on which is painted "WHEN THE BELLS RING, LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE." On it whirls headlong, dives through the woods again, emerges in the light, clatters over frail arches, tumbles upon the heavy ground, shoots beneath a wooden bridge which intercepts the light for a second like a wink, suddenly awakens all the slumbering echoes in the main street of a large town, and dashes on, hap-hazard, pell-mell, neck-or-nothing, down the middle of the road. There—with mechanics working at their trades, and people leaning from their doors and windows, and boys flying kites and playing marbles, and men smoking, and women talking, and children crawling, and pigs burrowing, and unaccustomed horses plunging and rearing, close to the very rails—there—on, on, on—tears the mad dragon of an engine with its train of cars; scattering in all directions a shower of burning sparks from its wood fire; screeching, hissing, yelling, panting; until at last the thirsty monster stops beneath a covered way to drink, the people cluster round, and you have time to breathe again.

(From Godey's Lady's Book for October.)

AN INCIDENT RELATED OF BYRON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James-Street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse; but as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Betwixt the line of cornetted vehicles stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy, pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention. "Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last out from the club; "I secede for one.—Go your ways, gentlemen."

"Now, what the deuce is a-foot?" said the foreman, again stepping back on the sidewalk. "Don't let him off, Fitz? Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you?" By Jove, you shan't leave us!"

"But you shall leave me, and so you are not foresworn, my friend! In plain phrase, I won't go with you. And I don't know where I shall go, so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel,

"I see a hand you cannot see." "And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab, and starting off with a spring of his blood horse, followed by all the vehicles at the club door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord," he said, and was silent, as if waiting permission to go on.

"Well!" replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

"I come to you with an errand which perhaps—" "A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me?" "For I am ready!"

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man. "Has another messenger, then—" "None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you." "Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told to you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach, and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door, in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

"She was a moment since—but be quick!" Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of the back room, they entered. A lamp, shaded by a curtain of spotless purity, threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of indescribable depth of lustre. No one had spoken.

"He is here!" she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of Heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud poet and noble stander, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face re-awakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language: and in the motion of her hands, and something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet, even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burdened. Come nearer, for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"

She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance. "Beautiful!" she said; "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me!—the intellect and the person that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright colour that had shone through her cheek and brow faded again, and her countenance reassumed its heavenly serenity. "I am near enough to death," she resumed—"near enough

to point you almost to Heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe: do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest,—on this alone, be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort, as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form and reassumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, and with his hand in his breast and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness and natural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavouring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly, she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids drooped, she murmured, "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

"THE INDIAN SUMMER."—This is the period of the year when this bland influence pervades the atmosphere; and would seem, like some spirit-sister, to be whispering, upon the one hand, to summer influences, to retire, and sweeten themselves from the rude embrace of desolating Winter; and upon the other, to be waving a wand towards the advancing enemy, holding him in abeyance until Summer shall have gone far enough South to be out of reach of his perishing frosts and snows. Having done this, it retires, amidst its own genial vapors into the sunny places where Winter comes not; or, if he enters them at all, to remain but for a moment. But this is fancy. What causes this Indian Summer? and why is it so called? are questions which we propose to answer.

That genial period which comes to us annually, and soon after the fall of this leaf, often mingling with Autumn's influences, is caused by the decomposition of vegetable matters, and of longer or shorter duration, as the fall of the leaf is slow or sudden. To us of the Atlantic States, who do not see the interminable and thick set forests of the interior and the border, but a very inadequate conception can be formed of the masses of leaves which lie upon the ground in their midst. These leaves, undergoing the process of decomposition, send up at the same time heat and vapor. These fill the atmosphere; and are seen and felt, with more distinctness, or become fainter and thinner, and less warming, as we are contiguous to, or removed from, the regions whence they arise.—It is doubtless in the memory of the older persons of our vicinity, that fifty years ago, and before our forests were thinned and made to disappear, the season which we denominate the Indian Summer, was more distinctly marked than now; and was more smoky, and warmer. It wears that same appearance now, and gives out the same heat; and is thus distinctly marked, where the forests abound. We have penetrated forests, some thousands of miles in the interior, where the heat from the decomposition of the leaves, and the vegetable matter that lay several inches thick, was so intense, as to be uncomfortable to the feet; and where the air was so warm, as to make it disagreeable to inhale it, and the atmosphere so thick with the smoky exhalation from these vast bodies of decaying vegetation, as to exclude objects of the size of men from the sight, though moved only some ten or twenty yards off. The cause of this genial season, then, is the decomposition of vegetable matter in the form of leaves, &c., which abound in our forests. The season is longer or shorter, as the frosts shall come on suddenly, and in quick succession, or by slow degrees, and more distant periods. If the frost is sudden and severe, it consumes the leaves, and they fall to the ground, crisp and dried—and there being no juices left, or but in small quantities, there will be a correspondingly less amount of vapor emitted in the process of decomposition; and less of the vapor which attends that decomposition. The season will therefore be less distinctly marked, and of shorter duration. Whereas, if the frosts fall gently and are of short duration, and come at longer intervals, the leaves fall gradually and successively from their stems, and reach the ground, with their juices, or sap, and throw out, in their decay, larger portions of heat and vapor.

So much for the cause of that peculiar and soft state of the atmosphere which recurs annually, and between the Fall and Winter, and which is called "The Indian Summer." It is called the Indian Summer, because the Indians, (who is the custom) come in from their hunting and trapping grounds in the Spring, to settle in their villages along the lakes and water courses, to supply their wants from the game that abound there, avail themselves of that season of repose and tranquillity to return to their hunting and trapping grounds for the Winter. It is therefore the Indian Summer—a season in which he can reach the theatre of his winter trials, without suffering from the heat of ordinary Summer, or the cold of Winter. Thus have we explained the cause of the Indian Summer, and the reason why it is so called.

THE BLARNEY STONE.—Blarney village lies within a few miles of Cork; the principal object of curiosity that it has is its old castle, which stands on a precipitous limestone rock, at whose base flows the Awarwater, a small river of considerable beauty. A massive square pile, about one hundred and twenty feet in height, which formed the base of a great tower, is all that now remains of the extensive outwork and defences which extended of old around it in every direction, and covered, it is said, a space of ground whose interior area of court-yard measured eight acres. The walls are of immense thickness, and must, before the introduction of artillery, have been impregnable. The roof and all the interior have long since disappeared; but the curious visitor may occasionally put his neck in jeopardy, succeeded in exploring all the chambers, particularly that called the "Earl's Chamber," which is still pointed out as the favourite apartment of one of the Earls of Clancarty, the former possessors of the castle. It is a cheerful room, lighted by a large bay window commanding a pleasing prospect of the adjacent country. The floor is tiled, and the fragments of tapestry still clinging to the walls, show that it was fitted up with some regard to comfort, as well as elegance. Sir Walter Scott, who visited Blarney, in 1808, entered this chamber, and the Blarney stone was present at the ceremonial of kissing the Blarney stone. To this stone the castle owes more of its celebrity than to its historic recollections. A curious tradition attributes to it the power of endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet persuasive wheedling eloquence, so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is generally termed "Blarney." This is the true meaning of the word, not, as some writers have supposed, a faculty of deducing from veracity, with an unblinking countenance, whatever it may be convenient. Milliken, the Blarney laureate, describes its virtues:—

"There is a stone there—whenever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses—to grow eloquent,  
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member of the Parliament."  
Scenery of Ireland.

"I had rather not take a horn with you," said the Indian the mad bull—but the bull insisted upon treating him to a drink, and the loafer got quite high.—Wash. & Gen.

The latest musical novelty is a set of "Stabat Mater" quadrilles! The agony of the Virgin Mother at the crucifixion made the theme of music for a ball-room!